The Prologue.

CHORUS.

Two houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge breake to new mutiny,
where civill blood makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loines of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers take their life,
whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrowes
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearefull paſſage of their death-mark't love,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two houres trafficke of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
what here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtrive to mend.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE Hiſtorie of ROMEO and JULIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie *with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of* Capulet.

SAmp. *Gregorie*, on my word wee'll not carrie coales.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choler wee'll draw.

Greg. I, while you live draw your necke out of the collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Samp. A dogge of the houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move is to ſtirre, and to be valiant is to ſtand, Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'ſt away.

Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlave, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. 'Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker veſſels are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarrell is between our Maſters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a Tyrant, when I have fought with the men I will be cruell with the maids, I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids!